

the NATIVE VOICE

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Special Message

FROM SASKATCHEWAN PREMIER T. C. DOUGLAS

We very much regret that the following message from Saskatchewan Premier T. C. Douglas arrived too late for our Special Centennial issue which is now off the press and available. We feel that Premier Douglas is a great Canadian who has been a long-standing friend of the Indian people and for whose principles we have the most profound respect.

For many years I have been interested in the welfare of the native people

by your example and experience.

Although any ethnic group desires recognition for itself and the customs it

manifests yet it is inevitable that every ethnic group in Canada will ultimately integrate. Our country can take only the very best of customs

and values with which to build a true Canadian nation. Certainly the Indians have a great deal to contribute. From among the coastal tribes have come great fishermen; from the plains great hunters and from the north great trappers and expert craftsmen.

The fairy-like stories of the ancient totem will forever hold their place in the traditional folk lore of Canada. In these strange and beautiful totems the mark of the B.C. Indians has been forever engraved as a constant reminder of their glorious past.

As we cherish the past so also must we share our future with tolerance and mutual understanding. Perhaps an Indian sometimes looks on his non-Indian neighbours as intruders upon his land but it may be well to remember that those non-Indians born in Canada know no other country and this country is as dear to them as it is to you.

These non-Indians have brought with them all the knowledge and experience of the old world garnered over the centuries which they share with you. It is with them that you have shared the wealth of experience and the craftsmanship of your forefathers.

In all sincerity I have appreciated this opportunity of sending my message to the "Indians across the mountains."

T. C. DOUGLAS,
Premier of Saskatchewan.

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Below is a black and white reproduction of a painting by Gla-Gla-Kla-Wis (David Neel) which appears in its original, vivid colors on the cover of your *Native Voice* Special Edition.



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our country. One sees them in a midst of a great struggle for survival as a distinct entity in a modern era. Several decades past they were considered a dying race with a resultant negative attitude which left nothing for their future.

However, with the progress of medical science coupled with the high birth rate of the Indians it soon became apparent that definite plans had to be made for their future.

It is heartening to note that the Indians of B.C. have accepted change and have been in the vanguard of progress. You have accepted the provincial vote which is a basic human right which carries with it important responsibilities.

It will be to you that others will look for guidance

A LETTER FROM OLD CROW

(Continued from Last Issue)

Eyes of the Village Fathers (Indian Council) turned to the seven winter months which prevail in Old Crow. Choosing a suitable and feasible sport where both selves to carrying out the task, bearing in mind the financial standing of the community. During the early winter of 1955, the point was first raised and various sports discussed with members of the clergy and police. A majority believed that skiing could perhaps be introduced, providing that local conditions were first studied. Father J. M. Mouchet, having just arrived at his new post in Old Crow and being a competent skier, it was his job to study the conditions during the balance of the winter and to report his findings.

Hence in October, 1955, a group of 15 persons (later all were appointed to the executive committees) heard Father Mouchet's report, wherein it stated that the conditions were indeed suitable for the sport. The village being situated at the foot of the Old Crow Range, there would be no question about providing slopes, with some manual work attached. Snow being the dry crusted type would also be satisfactory. Temperatures although severe for short spells, would be on the whole favorable throughout the winter.

And last but certainly not least the cost for appropriate equipment was also in the report. As can be expected, the small group who heard the final report remained silent and speechless. However, with enthusiasm becoming firmly established with the

Village Fathers over the first part of the report, they were already for getting started even it meant planning and penny saving . . .

Next step of course, was to form a club. The 15 persons who had attended the October meeting went to work and drafted up the proposed club's constitution and all agreed between themselves to accept various positions on the executive committees—if appointed. With the would be club's platform all laid out, a general meeting was called to order by P. A. (Robbie) Robin, acting as president for the occasion. The club's constitution was fully explained in both the English and Loucheux languages, with Neil McDonald (now vice-president) officiating in the capacity of interpreter.

Following the discussion period in which various opinions were voiced and in order to establish whether or not the people would be prepared to support such a project the matter of voting for or against the formation of the club was put before the residents.

Smiles were exchanged with the appointed members of the executive committees, when they learned that their efforts had been richly rewarded with a unanimous vote from their own people—to proceed immediately with the work of the club, stipulating a provision that the 15 persons who had actually organized the settlements first sports club, were to remain in office for the coming year. Thus, at 10:40 p.m. on November 9, 1955, the Old Crow Ski Club was officially born in this small village approximately 60 air miles north of Canada's Arctic Circle.

To raise money for the Old Crow ski club, the means and ways committees went ahead and put on a box social and collected a few dollars and also raffled off a pair of beaded gloves and other articles.

After two years of working in this difficult sport, four of our best skiers have gone to Fairbanks and come back from there after having won two trophies in the slalom and downhill techniques and after having shown* to the astonished Fairbanks skiers some great qualities for skiing and racing.

To Fairbanks this most Northern Ski Club sent four skiers to compete in the Gold-Nugget race held in March 1958. In the first race

they placed 1, 3, 4, 5, and in the big race when they had to face a hard competition (they were racing against the best of Anchorage, Alaska) Ben Charlie, a young lad of 16 managed to place second in the slalom and third in the slalom and down-hill combined, and the others were in the 10 first places. The young girl sent over with the three boys surprised everyone by her courage, going without fear over the rough down-hill course.

This proves that if the natives are helped the right way they can achieve something, they are not inferior to anybody. But what they need is people who are going to take interest in them and use the right means to bring them to a better understanding and a better adjustment to a new way of life and here in Old Crow we think skiing is one of the right means.

In gratitude to the Calgary Ski Club, Oak-Park Ski Club, Chicago, Ill., companies, farms and individuals who have unselfishly supported our cause from the great "outside" and from the land of perhaps strange and interesting people, talents, although present, but never developed and never exhibited, the Old Crow Ski Club will, with great pleasure welcome you and be your host, should anyone venture to "touch down" at the unknown and unheard of dot at the mouth of the Old Crow River in Yukon Territory, Canada.

Mrs. Effie A. Linklater,
Old Crow, Y.T., Canada.
via Fairbanks, Alaska.

Since our Ski Club was organized we have been getting help from various companies and clubs,

who gave donations towards the Ski Club, but we still need help so I decided to write to the Native Voice, for we will really appreciate it very much.

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Red Feather Opens 1958 Campaign

This year's United Red Feather appeal in Vancouver and District has set an objective of \$2,906,000 for its 66 member agencies and the fund drive will extend from September 29 to October 31.

The nearly three million dollar objective is 14 percent greater than last year's target and 32 percent higher than the amount actually raised.

General campaign chairman Walter C. Koerner and the vice-chairmen are Lloyd C. Whalen,

Dean Geoffrey, C. Andrew and Robert World.

• More than 20,000 volunteers serve the Chest and Council and the Red Feather services. There are 496 employed professional workers. This means for every professional worker there are 40 volunteer citizens serving on board and committees, as canvassers, youth leaders and in other capacities.

• Burnaby has joined with other metropolitan communities in the United Red Feather Appeal for the first time this year, and Burnaby citizens will be contributing to the Community Chest campaign.

• There are now 66 agencies in the Red Feather family. Of these, 37 services are available to all citizens in the metropolitan area (Vancouver, Burnaby, West Vancouver and the City and District of North Vancouver). Another 23 agencies serve Vancouver and the North Shore while six agencies serve Burnaby citizens exclusively.

• Greater Vancouver has the wherewithal to help its citizens who need help. Latest figures available from the Provincial Department of Trade and Industry (1957 compared with 1956) show retail sales are up 4.3 percent, life insurance sales up 18.8 percent, average weekly industrial wage up 4.4 percent and gross personal income up 10.7 percent.

• Campaign expenses for the United Red Feather Appeal are 3.8 percent of this year's objective.

• No canvasser is paid—these public spirited volunteers are volunteers in the truest sense of the word.

• Administration salaries including accounting, agency budget-

ing, public relations and janitorial are about 4 percent.

• Any voluntary health and welfare service may join the Community Chest and Council of Greater Vancouver if it meets re-

quired standards. There are only three organizations conducting community-wide appeals outside the Chest and these have been invited to join the Red Feather family.

Great Prince Passes In North

With deep sorrow we announce the death of Chief Henry Helin, hereditary Tsimshian chief of Port Simpson. Henry will be mourned by hundreds of friends who adored and loved him, both whites and Native Canadians. He was a man of great charm, greatly beloved, a gifted singer—this is hard to write—this is another blow to the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia. Perhaps when we get over the terrible loss we can write in the next issue of this kind and worker for his people. We extend to his wife and family our deepest sympathy. We mourn with them.

MAISIE.

HOPE

Artist writes with colour,
musician drapes his song upon a string,
morning holdeth in her ample breast,
everything.

It is all and springs in early day,
with the power that lifts us on our way,
rises far beyond the stars of night,
and earthly rain,
world is heaven now when we stand all to gain.

Oh, you have that with which gold cannot be bought,
nurture the wise have, through ages,
always sought,
Youth, on the wings of morn—
shattered dreams from your book is torn.

—INGA ALVILDA VAGUE

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK

People Must Take Action

MY PURPOSE in writing may seem rather foolish, but in view of the facts concerning people and their general habits, I think it might do some good. As a rule, people (the public) are lazy, and will not take the time to investigate or find out the address of a congressman or member of Parliament if they are asked, or feel it in their conscience to write such a person concerning adverse legislation to Indians, and/or proposing legislation for the good.

What prompted me in regard to this was reading in your paper of the slaughter of polar bears and caribou in the North West Territories. I feel sure that if you published the names and addresses of key people in government, both in the United States and Canada, many people would write, and propose, protest, plead or even beg that the right thing be done.

Perhaps you have done this before, I don't know, but I certainly would like to see it used again. People would then find it hard to pass it off their conscience by saying they didn't know who to write to.

U.S. citizens and Canadians are involved in the slaughter of the animals up north; unknowing people such as those who nearly exterminated the buffalo for hides. It is, therefore, the responsibility of both governments to place restrictions on the people attending the D.E.W. posts and on the seasonal "bag" for those who depend on such animals for a living.

Much as I'd hate to see native free hunting come to an end up north, I'd hate even worse to hear in five or ten years that all the animals were gone forever. Ironically enough, the ignorant whites, with their apathy, are using northern Indians and Eskimos as unknowing pawns in the quest for souvenir hides. They say history repeats itself if one does not take lessons from the past. And in this case, the blame will be placed on the natives up north for doing much of the shooting, and the "white man" will naturally feel guiltless.

Naturally following in the wake of such an incident will be starvation among the people dependent on those animals for a living. Naturally, nothing would please certain officials more than seeing the natives brought to heel more than they already have been, to seal their fate, and close one more book in the library of tragedies perpetrated on the native peoples of the western hemisphere.

Western man (Caucasians) has so upset the balance of nature by going against the grain, rather than with it, that he is not to be compared with animals, but to a wanton "mad-dog" killer.

Perhaps I am overly sentimental, but I see hunting only as a necessary means to fill one's stomach, as the Indians and Eskimos saw it. Not in the European sense, for "sport", "trophies", and the general thrill of shooting and watching something die to show their mastery over animals. This may seem like an overstatement, but I assure you there are sadists who call themselves "hunters". I have met them and heard them talk.

I should like to see these very same "brave sportsmen" go out with a spear or bow and do at close range what they so "bravely" do with guns at long range, and sometimes from the safety of a low-flying plane or vehicle on the ground. Even better, hunt another human being (the most cunning animal) if they are so vexed with the urge to kill something; and take a human hide if it didn't make them sick, for they then would have a trophy to be proud of, if they were lucky enough not to get skinned themselves.

In closing, I earnestly would like to see a list of names published (if possible) so that those who would, could bombard the desks of officials with mail that would eventually bring about reform, both for the native of America and the wildlife.

A. EINHORN (Skaroniate).

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Northern Natives Fight Rupert Charge of Riot

By HAROLD SINCLAIR

The charge of a riot in Prince Rupert was made by the city mayor Peter Lester and the RCMP of the city. The charge was immediately broadcast over the CBC station, Calgary, and over U.S. broadcasting stations. Barney Good of the Kitwano Band was immediately sentenced to six months imprisonment and 22 others were awaiting trial in jail. This happened immediately on the night of the Prince Rupert Centennial Port Day.

No one could say anything about the riot charge over our Indian people so within two days I had written a letter on the subject of a riot charge to the mayor. In that letter, without fear, I charged the RCMP authorities of the city with ill-treating the native people and discrimination in the past years. And I challenged the mayor for an immediate investigation.

In order to find out the facts and to prove the charges of a riot, I requested the mayor to extend an invitation to all northern chief councillors, and councillors also to the northern district vice-president of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

Within two days I had a letter of reply from the mayor which stated that he agreed with an investigation. Invitations were then extended to all chiefs and councillors, northern vice-presidents of the Native Brotherhood and others in attendance and the inspector of the RCMP force was invited, along with the authorities of the centennial committees.

The mayor of Prince Rupert was chairman of the investigations in the city hall. He opened the investigation with a short address as to the purpose of the meeting, and he introduced all the city authorities present.

Peter Williams of the Kitwano Band took the floor first and recalled some five years ago when a similar so-called riot took place in the city of Prince Rupert. Mr. Williams said that after his serious and careful study of the situation, he found the case was not a riot, but an affray, created through the proved rough tactics of the RCMP officers of Prince Rupert over the native people, which was a very similar case some five years ago; and from the proved findings of these investigations, when one of the RCMP officers was dismissed.

Other speakers were Chief Councillor Reggie Samson of Port Simpson; Hubert Dulon of Kincolith, Naas River; Jeffery C. Benson, district vice-president, Naas River; Walter Harris, district vice-president for Skeena, and Chief W. B. Morgan, Kitwano. All these speakers, including Peter Williams, spoke very well. Each one of them stated that the whole trouble was created from too much beer being consumed in beer parlors. As the

last speaker, I addressed the mayor as follows:

Your worship, and all city authorities. As I understand it, the purpose of this investigation is to prove the riot charges against the native population. I asked the mayor if he got my letter where I had charged the RCMP authorities of this city with ill-treating our Indian people and also discrimination. The mayor answered yes, and lifted my letter from his desk and said, here it is. And I thanked me for writing his office. I thanked him for his prompt reply.

Now to prove my charges against the city RCMP authorities of ill-treating our Indian people and discrimination, and speaking from the actual scene of police action witnessed by many of our people who are non-drinkers. When an Indian was drunk and already out of his senses, asleep in a hotel lobby where the police found the man, they grabbed him by the wrist, twisted it, taking him to the police wagon, kicked him in the back and threw him in the wagon.

Upon arriving at the police station, they unloaded him with a kick in the back, using a police club and at times a flashlight on the man's head. And the man, ready out of his senses, and making no attempt to obstruct a police officer and making no disturbance, still being asleep. This pure ill-treatment, definitely treating Indian people, which is not in the law books of Canada and it is pure racial discrimination. This has been proved in past number of years by various reliable people who saw these actions.

Therefore I fully agree with Peter Williams when he said this is definitely not a riot charge as was so shamefully broadcast over various broadcasting stations. Therefore, your worship, by taking my seat, I now ask you to withdraw at once the shame charges against our Indian people since it now proved that this is not a riot, but an affray, created by mistreating our Indian people. And I ask that the sentence of Barney Good be reconsidered, cause this was not a riot.

The mayor replied: I have fully listened to Mr. Sinclair.

(Continued on Page 8)

Our Lady of Mercy Home

OUR Lady of Mercy is a Welfare Home owned and operated by Sister of Charity of the Immaculate Conception since 1933.

In the four nurseries, there is room for 35 babies and nine mothers. The staff includes six Sisters, five nurses' aides and one pediatric nurse for night duty. Three of the Sisters are qualified nurses, the three for their cooking, sewing, etc. Other employees are a full-time laundry and a maintenance man. A Chaplain is in residence.

Babies and girls are recommended for admission by the Catholic Children's Aid Society.

During 1957, there were 102 babies in care and approximately 40 formulae were prepared for them.

Thirty-four girls were in the Home in 1957 and 5,500 meals served to them during that time, staff meals not included.

Approximately 200 visits were made to the Home by adoption agents. During the same period, about 75 babies were discharged to adoption homes and 25 to foster homes.

Every Wednesday, a "Well Baby Clinic" is held in the Nursery. Once a month, the babies receive the attention of an Orthodontist and corrective treatment is provided, when necessary, by nurses on staff.

Ceremony in a Lenni Lenape Temple

(Continued)

One of his special duties was to warn the children of the camp of bad behaviour lest "Wap-Quis" might come to carry them away. (Note: "Wap-Quis," according to legendary tales, is a monster in human form, so great is his stature that he towered above the highest trees in the forest, and it seemed he liked the children better for his feasts on adults.)

Once in a while, "Mising-Holli-n" would visit the Temple and the wigwams of the camp. Each one and at every place, he would go through all sorts of fan-

tastic motions and funny tricks.

By the way, the man who played the role of "Mising-holli-kun" received it by a vision or a dream and he always made an excellent job of his special mission.

EVERY night the ceremonies in the Temple were very much the same until the ninth day, when all the fires were allowed to die out.

The ashes of the dead fires were carried out through the western door of the Temple (the eastern door was never used for this purpose).

Why, you ask, because the Tortoise, the grandfather of men, he that carried the Earth on his back

in the beginning, he that brought the Ceremony from the sun rising, he that followed the great waters from the rising sun toward the setting sun — Even so must the children of the Lenni Lenape follow the same trail because it was so dictated by the "Creator of All Beings and Things."

And it came to pass, a new "Peil-seit-tin-da" (pure and clean fire) was made again by the caretakers using their ceremonial drills for making fire. At this time a sacred fan made of turkey feathers was used to sweep a new and clean pathway around the great central post.

This was symbolic of the White Pathway in the sky that leads to a place where the spirits of our departed brothers dwell without care, worry nor sickness.

ON THE last day of the ceremony in the Temple, twelve specially designed prayer wands or prayer sticks were distributed among the leading men and women worshippers. The twelve prayer wands were held upward, pointing to the top of the great central post, beyond is the skyplace, "Ah-wosa Kuma" (the Great Beyond, the tranquil abode of the GREAT SPIRIT.)

Then the long drawn out and mournful prayer cry: "Hoo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o" was raised. In those

early days it was their belief that these special prayer sticks helped to convey the prayers of the Lenni Lenape directly to their GREAT MYSTERY. It is interesting to note that a pair of very old forked drumsticks made of walnut wood, each one bearing an impression of a human face, now took the place of the plain hickory ones used up to this time.

One of the drum sticks always bore the carved image of the breasts of a female, and the two kinds of drumsticks symbolized the worshipping Lenni Lenape (Delaware Indian) men and women.

The twelfth and last night of the ceremony was especially set aside for women and the younger men of the tribe. They in turn sang their songs and recited their visions and dreams, if they had any, and humbly offered their thanksgivings for the many blessings of life the Great Spirit bestowed upon them. Then, too, on the twelfth night the sacred Red Stone Ceremonial Pipe was passed around again before concluding the ritual. And as the smoke ascended on high, everyone there felt sure that KITCHEMANITOU would receive and be well pleased with their humble and contrite supplications.

(Continued Next Month)

OLDEST VANCOUVER RESIDENT DIES



JOHN ANDREW FOLEY

Vancouver's oldest resident, 103, who passed away in September, was an outstanding, deeply loved figure.

JOHN ANDREW FOLEY, Vancouver's oldest resident, died September 22 in Vancouver General Hospital at 103.

His heart failed following a minor bout with pneumonia and a cold caught on his birthday September 6.

Funeral arrangements were made by Kearney Funeral Home.

Until the end he was chipper and jaunty, full of life and eager to expound his views on any and all subjects.

On his last birthday he gave a reporter the secret of his longevity:

"Just don't worry. You're no good for anything if you do."

Mr. Foley was born in Prince Edward Island. He married in 1885 and came to Vancouver in 1888. Later he moved to Slocan and ran a store but returned to Vancouver in 1908.

Until his retirement in 1928, he was largely engaged in real estate.

Until 94 he cut and piled wood and did his own gardening. Then he took it easy.

He looked forward to his recent birthdays when his large family, friends and the press swarmed into his home at 3975 West Twenty-first.

Bright of eye and looking the picture of health, he would hold court, telling how he was given 48 hours to live 46 years ago. He declared that no smoking, no drinking and a big bowl of porridge every morning would lead to a long life.

On his 102nd birthday he received telegrams from all over the world, including one from Prime Minister Diefenbaker, and a personal visit from Premier W. A. C. Bennett and Mayor Fred Hume.

Mr. Foley was the head of a family that includes nine children, 22 grandchildren, 30 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. His wife died in 1948.

He was a life member of the Native Sons of B.C. and a past president of the Self Determination League.

John Foley, my friend since 1897 to 1958. I should be able to write a full history of this great gentleman but words fail me. All I know is that I love him, I miss him. His faith, his integrity, his consideration for the common man stood as beacons to all. It was men like John Foley who made Canada a great Dominion.

—MAISIE HURLEY.

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TALES OF A FORGOTTEN RIVER

By CONSTANCE COX
(Continued from last issue)

ONWARD it flows, the mighty expanse of sparkling water unaware of progress

which has made it another of the almost forgotten rivers, the Skeena.

The first white man to navigate this waterway made history that can never be again equalled in this

day and age. It marked the era of the discovery of gold in Manson Creek and the beginning of the fur trading in the north. It was the essence of tragedy, romance and many colorful happenings.

Thomas Hankin, who had travelled from his homeland of England, and arrived at the town of Victoria, was young and adventurous. He was in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Gentleman Adventurers trading into Rupert's Land. On his arrival he was sent to Port Essington where he was to journey up the Skeena River to a spot where the Skeena and Bulkley Rivers meet and there on what is now known as Mission Point, establish a Post.

On August 15, 1857, Thomas Hankin arrived at the mouth of this mighty river. His first task was to gain the confidence of the Natives as he would need them in order to exist in this new and wild territory. After some days of bargaining with food, bright colored prints and tobacco, he secured four Natives who were willing to take him to Hazelton, 180 miles away. The river was wild and dangerous and required very skilled men to handle the canoe. He has written in his diary of the masterful manner these Indians paddled their way up this swift moving mass of water.

He opened up the post and did a wonderful business, especially selling axes and kettles (iron) as at that time the Indians were cooking in wooden boxes they made from cedar hand split boards which held water. In these boxes they put their meat or fish then dropped red hot stones causing the water to boil which cooked their meat or fish.

When the Indians bought the iron kettles they used them the same way they did the wooden boxes but the iron kettles cracked. They brought the Song Maker in to make a song about the iron kettle. The song went Suglth-an-zum

duge, ha-gunlth wilth ha gunlth wilth—the iron kettle is cracked what a pity, what a pity.

They came to Thomas Hankin and told him the sad story of the Iron Kettle.

He gave them new ones and showed them how to use them, all went well with the iron kettle. He also sold many guns and axes as at that time they were using stone axes.

My father was a great pioneer and blazed many trails in British Columbia. His brother, Captain Philip Hankin, was Colonial Secretary in Victoria where he stayed for several years then returned to his home in England where he passed away.

My father died at Inverness Cannery, on the coast of British Columbia, which he owned. He was buried by the Masonic Order in Victoria 1884.

O'er paths untrod since first placed, the primal pair on Earth they blazed the trails one hundred years ago, and when they reached this glorious land British Columbia was born sipping the waters of the many springs. These pioneers uncovered their way.

*The lapping waves of Human tide
Flowed onward in their wake,
Great Captains of the West,
They delved down deep uncovered
mines and made our Valleys.
Mellow with the smile of God,
Farewell brave Pioneers—God rest
you.*

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TORONTO INDIAN CLUB

CONTINUED

SEVENTH ANNUAL BANQUET

By BIG WHITE OWL

The Chief said he was very pleased to be present and to see so many old friends among whom were Lt.-Colonel Ireson and Major V. MacLean Howard. He felt, to his regret, that the rights of the Indian peoples were tottering and hoped that public sentiment would give its fullest support to these rights, particularly so during Indian Defence Week of America. He extended an invitation to all to be present at their Pageant and Celebration the third Saturday in July, and thanked the members of the Club for the privilege of being able to say a few words. Chief Rickard is an 80-year-old patriarch.

Ex-Chief Charles L. Big Canoe of Georgina Island, Ontario:

Mr. Big Canoe said he just wanted the opportunity to say how pleased he was to meet the Senator and Mrs. Gladstone, and all his old friends. In relating the story of the Creation of Man, Mr. Big Canoe said he hoped this would not offend any non-Indians. Throughout the years, our people in the North who like to boast of their heritage, tell this story to their children:

"When our Maker thought of creating something in His own image, he took some clay and modelled it and then called on the sun to bake it. When he thought it would be nicely baked he gave it life, but found it was not quite baked enough, thus the White man was created. The second image was modelled likewise, but this turned out to be baked too much, and the Black man was created. He then made a third image, but this time watched carefully while it baked, and the Red man was created."

Miss Emily General of the Six Nations Indian Reserve:

Miss General said how pleased she was to be here and especially to see Chief Rickard getting round again.

She made mention of the Six Nations Tenth Annual Indian Pageant to be held at the Onehdagah Forest Theatre in General's Woods, Smoothtown from August 9th and August 15th-16th, and hoped she would see some of those present there. This year's Pageant

depicts the move of the Six Nations homes, north to Grand River.

Chief Keywayosh of Walpole Island, Ontario:

The Chief extended a heartfelt welcome to Senator and Mrs. Gladstone and to all present.

Mr. Keywayosh and his wife live, with their seven children, on their Reservation situated in the delta of the St. Clair river. The population of the Reservation is over 1,200 and many of the Indians work in Wallaceburg, Ont., and Detroit, Michigan. There are five schools on the Reservation, and 125 children go to school in Wallaceburg. In the jovial nature of his address, Chief Keywayosh said that he was encouraging the families on his Reservation to increase the population so that they would be able to take back Canada; however, this plan was slightly upset when he learned from speaking with a member of the Rotary Club in Wallaceburg, that Indians originated from Mongolians, felt his people did not particularly want Mongolia.

Installation ceremony of Sharon Stonefish as "1958 Indian Princess."

Miss Sharon Stonefish of Moraviantown, Ontario, Canada, was crowned princess of the year and given the name 'Alung-wah-ish', meaning "Little Star." Miss Stonefish who is a business college student thanked the Club for this honor. Miss Sharon Stonefish is a Delaware Indian, and comes from a long line of hereditary chiefs. Her great-great-great grandfather helped to carry the body of the great Tecumseh to the secret grave.

INDIAN DANCE TROOP

Chief Hiawatha and His Tribal Dancers, provided entertainment of great interest in the following dances: A Welcome dance; followed by the Fish, Quiver, Delaware, Trans Scout, War and Rabbit Dances.

CORSAGES

Princess "Little Star" distributed corsages to the ladies on the head Table. The Princess was ably assisted by Miss Elizabeth Sampson, Senator Gladstone's niece.

President of the Toronto Indian Club:

Mr. Fred Wheatley, in closing

the Banquet and Meeting, thanked all who had taken part, and in particular Big White Owl, Master of Ceremonies, and expressed his hopes that everyone present had enjoyed themselves. He invited

everyone to attend the T.I.C. Dance held at the IOOF Hall from 8 p.m. to midnight. Over 240 people attended the dance and 140 attended the banquet.

(Continued Next Month)



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Northern Natives Fight Rupert Charge of Riot

(Continued from Page 4)
statement, and in my opinion he has wholeheartedly expressed in giving every explanation of the situation, assured us that every consideration will be reviewed in the future. And he requested co-operation in order that everything will be under control on both sides.

He thanked Mr. Sinclair for the full explanation but said there were two things over which we have no control—that is, the broadcasting stations in Calgary, the U.S. and the CBC in Vancouver, and as for

the sentence, we have no control other than referring it to the minister of justice.

In reply, I asked how did Calgary, the U.S. and CBC know the happenings in this city, since those places are up to a thousand miles away and remember that Barney Good was sentenced in the city of Prince Rupert, and not by the minister of justice in Ottawa. Bear in mind, your honor, that we are definitely not against any police authorities whatsoever as we know that they are in uniform by the

Crown, to carry out law and order, and they are fully authorized for the protection of every man, woman and child—but not to mistreat anyone, unless there is an attempt to obstruct a police officer or disturbing the peace. Finally, your honor, our Indian population has showed its loyalty, having gathered in the city here to participate in your centennial celebrations, celebrating the birth of the white population 100 years ago, which is just like yesterday to all our native people, since they were born here from their ancestors and they are the true originals upon their native soil. Furthermore, our Indian people, fishermen and cannery workers, have patronized every business firm at all times and no one should discriminate against our native population.

The mayor and the inspector the RCMP assured us they will co-operate more closely with the Indian people and they suggested that an Indian police officer be appointed, and a committee of men to work hand in hand with the committees and the authorities in the city each year. It will look after the affairs of our Indian people and any problems the committees, by working together, will in turn, solve. We agreed to the mayor's suggestion and the assistance of the inspector of the RCMP that will closely co-operate with our Indian people.

We wish to extend our thanks to the Courtenay Argus for the many photos it loaned us for our Special Edition.

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Salute to the Sockeye

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